

DOCTOR • WHO

THE FORGOTTEN

Written by "Tony Lee

Art by "Pia Guerra

Flashback Sequence Ink by "Kent Archer

Colors by "Charlie Kirchoff and Kris Carter

Letters by "Comicraft's Richard Storkings

Edits by "Denton J. Tipton



Regular Cover
Art by Nick Roche
Colors by Charlie Kirchoff



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DOCTOR WHO
#2
\$3.99

DOCTOR WHO

THE FORGOTTEN



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Tony Lee
Pia Guerra

WHO I

Black & White







LEFT ONE
SOUNDS FINE—
RIGHT ONE'S
RUNNING A
LITTLE
FAST—

—FIGHTING FIT
AND READY FOR
ACTION!



YEAH—
WELL, YOU
MIGHT BE THE
DOCTOR...

BUT
SOMETIMES
IT PAYS TO
REMAND YOU THAT
CURRENTLY
THERE'S MORE
THAN ONE
DOCTOR IN THE
TARDIS.



RIGHT
THEN, SHALL
WE FIND THE
TARDIS AND
GET OUT OF
HERE?

I'D
RATHER
BE GONE
BEFORE ANY
OLD FRIENDS
APPEAR.

OLD
FRIENDS?
WHAT A
GRAND IDEA,
DOCTOR.



LET
US HAVE
SOME OLD
FRIENDS
OVER FOR
TEA.



CLICK



...AND JAMIE ALWAYS TRIED TO AVOID IT...

THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER!

WHEN I SAY RUN—RUN!

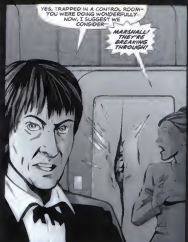
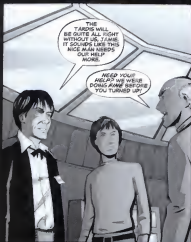
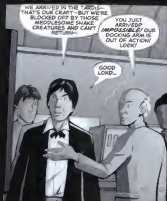
RUN!

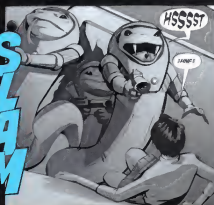


WELL, OH, I'M THE DOCTOR.

AND THESE ARE MY COMPANIONS—JAMIE MCCORMACK AND JOE NERVO.







ALYRIAN MYRANS ARE LOW-LEVEL
HYPERTELEPATHS, BROADCASTING
ON A LOW-RANGE FREQUENCY—
BASICALLY, WHATEVER SHE
THINKS—THEY THINK.

NOW, IF WE CAN GET
TO A COMMUNICATIONS
ARMY AND REPROGRAM
IT TO SEARCH FOR HER
FREQUENCY—

THAT'S *AWESOME*! IT'S
TWO FLOORS DOWN FROM
HERE! AND WITH THE
COMPUTERS OFFLINE YOU'D
NEED TO BE SOME KIND OF
MATHEMATICAL *GENIUS*
TO DO IT!

WELL THEN
YOU'RE IN LUCK—
I AM.

CARE FOR
A BIT OF AN
ADVENTURE,
DOCTOR?

ALWAYS,
DOCTOR.

THE SNAKES
ARE HERE AND HERE—
THAT'S PRETTY MUCH
THE ONLY ROUTE.

WHAT ABOUT
THOSE LINES
THERE?

WELL, THEY'RE
VENTILATION DUCTS.
YOU COULD PROBABLY
GET TO THE
COMMUNICATIONS ROOM
THAT WAY, BUT IT'LL
BE HARD WORK.

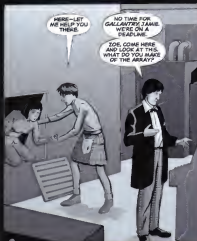
JAMIE LIVES
HARD WORK—DON'T
YOU, JAMIE?

COME ON, EVERYONE—
LET'S NOT KEEP THESE
SNAKES WAITING!

GOOD LUCK,
DOCTOR—YOU'RE
GOING TO NEED
IT.

NEVER TRUST
YOUR FATES TO *ANYONE*—
MARSHALL.

...SHE HAS A
HABIT OF PLAYING
THE FOOL.









MARTHA!
RUN!
DOCTOR
WHAT IS IT?

YEAH
I'LL GET BACK
TO YOU ON THAT!
NOT THE
POGGEST!
BUT
WHATEVER
IT IS, IT'S
FOLLOWING
US!



THEN AGAIN-
PERHAPS IT
ISN'T.

IT MUST
BE FROM LATER
IN YOUR LIFE.
WE NEED TO GAIN
MORE MEMORIES
HERE-



-WHAT DO
THESE KEYS
TELL YOU?



I... I
REMEMBER
A NAME.

BESSIE.

LET
ME GUESS-
ANOTHER
COMPANION? YOU
COLLECT THEM LIKE
PEOPLE COLLECT
TRADING
CARDS?

OH,
BESSIE WAS
MORE THAN A
COMPANION.

MUCH,
MUCH MORE...



COME ON, BESSIE! DON'T GIVE UP NOW!

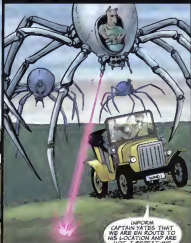
I FIND YOUR PATH IN THIS VEHICLE MOST DISTURBING. DOCTOR, A UNIT JEEP WOULD HAVE TAKEN US THERE JUST AS FAST.



YES, BRIGADIER— BUT THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO PROVE.

AND WE WOULD HAVE ALL THANKED THIS LORD FOR SMALL MIRACLES.

GERYHOUND TO TRAP ONE, COME IN—



UNIFORM CAPTAIN YATES THAT WE ARE EN ROUT TO HIS LOCATION AND ARE HOT. I REPEAT—WE ARE HOT.

REALLY, BRIGADIER, DO YOU THINK THAT'S A SUITABLE CALL SIGN WITH WHAT'S FOLLOWING US?

I DON'T MAKE THE RU-SS, DOCTOR, BUT UN-BE YOU I FOL-L-O-W THEM!



RU-SS ARE MADE FOR BREAKING.

ISN'T THAT WHAT GOT YOU INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE, DOCTOR?

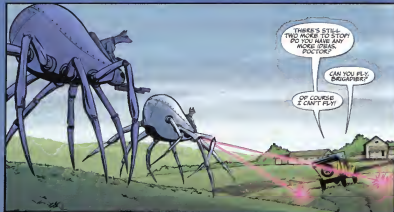


DOCTOR! THESE ARE FOUR OF THEM NOW! AND THEY'RE STARTING TO FIRE SOME KIND OF RAY GUN!









THREE'S STILL
TWO MORE TO STOP!
DO YOU HAVE ANY
MORE IDEAS,
DOCTOR?

CAN YOU FLY,
BRIGADIER?

OF COURSE
I CAN'T FLY!



IN THAT
CASE—NO.

HELP
ON TIGHT!
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE!



SERGEANT!
SOMETHING'S
APPROACHING!
AND IT'S BEING
CHASED BY
THOSE DOG
THINGS!



SLIMY—IT'S
THE BUG! AND THE
DOCTOR!

MAKE ROOM
FOR THE
BRIGADIER!
NOW!



BENTON! DOG
WITH THE METAL LEGS
THERE—FIVE SOUND'S
RAMP!

SCREECH



CAPTAIN YATES!
DOES THAT
LOUDSPEAKER
WORK?

WHY YES,
DOCTOR, ARE YOU
GOING TO COMMAND
THEM TO SIT?



SOMETHING LIKE
THAT. NOW, I NEED MY
SONIC SCREWDRIVER.

YATES—GET YOUR
MEN TO THE LEFT! WE
MAY NEED A SQUADSH
LINE IF THEY BREAK
THROUGH BRAYTON'S
BARRICADE!



ALL HE HAS TO DO
IS HOLD THEM FOR
A FEW MOMENTS
LONGER—ALL I NEED
TO DO IS REVERSE—

LET ME GUESS—
THE POLARITY OF THE
NEUTRON FLOW? ISN'T
THAT THE USUAL
TECHNOBABLE
YOU SPOUT?



ACTUALLY, BRIGADIER,
I WAS GOING TO SAY
"REVERSE THESE
TWO RIBS."

BUT YOUR ANSWER
SOUNDED MUCH BETTER.
WE'LL MAKE A SCIENTIST
OF YOU YET!



JUST KILL
ME NOW,
YATES.

A DOG
WHISTLE!

YOU'RE USING THE
SONIC SCREWDRIVER
TO MAKE A GIANT
DOG WHISTLE!

OF A SORT, JO—
AFTER ALL, IT'S
NOT CALLED A SONIC
SCREWDRIVER FOR
NOTHING...

...BUT INSTEAD OF CALLING THEM, I INTEND TO USE THE SONICS TO OVER-CHAP THEM—FORCE THEIR BRAINS TO SHUT DOWN AND SEND THEM TO SLEEP.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO STEP BACK, IT'S ABOVE OUR HEARING RANGE, BUT IT'LL STILL BE UNCOMFORTABLE.



SWEETEEEEEEEEEE

DOCTOR! IT'S WORKING!



EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

CLANG



WELL DONE, DOCTOR. NOW, AS UNIT'S CHIEF SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR, I'LL NEED YOU TO WRITE A FULL REPORT ON TODAY'S ACTIVITIES.

OH, I THINK NOT, BRIGADIER... YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU LIKE TO THE BOYS IN GENERAL.



I'M GOING FOR A SPIN IN BESSIE.

COMING, TOP



AUTONS!

IT'S
AN AUTON!
I REMEMBER
NOW!

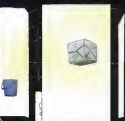
THEY'RE
NOT REALLY WELL
THAT IS THEY'RE
REAL BUT THEY'RE
CONSTRUCTS! THEY'RE
PLASTIC TOYS WITH
GUNS AND ATTITUDE
AND...

...AND THEY
SHOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO MOVE ABOUT
WITHOUT A NESTED
CONSCIOUSNESS AROUND--
AND WE'D HAVE NOTICED
ONE BY NOW.
HAHAH



ANYWAY,
NOW I KNOW
WHAT AN
AUTON IS--

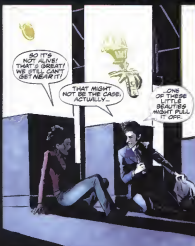
--AM
WHOOPE.



BLAM BLAM BLAM

GET
DOWN!

POOK
POOK PEK



TINK TINK

FOOOOM



COMMUNICATION!

THAT'S WHAT MY TWO MEMORIES MEANT! FINDING A WAY TO COMMUNICATE!

COMMUNICATE WITH WHO? WHOEVER SENT THAT THING TO KILL US?



NO-THE TARDIS.

I CAN USE THE TARDIS KEY ON THIS KEYRING-REVERSE THE POLARITY, SEND OUT A KIND OF TRACKING THINGIE...

...AND BOB'S YOUR UNCLE-WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE AND WHEN THE TARDIS IS!

CAN YOU REALLY DO THAT?



DUN... DOCTOR

WAIT A SECOND- THIS ISN'T RIGHT- WE SHOULD HAVE HAD SOMETHING BY NOW.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?



IT MEANS
WARTHA, THAT
THERE IS NO
TARDIS TO FIT
THIS KEY.

IT'S GONE.
REMOVED FROM
THE SPACE AND TIME
CONTINUUM.

THE
TARDIS HAS BEEN
DESTROYED!

NEXT • MISDIRECTION

DOCTOR • WHO

THE FORGOTTEN

Next month:
Issue #3



WildBlueZero

